

Last Night as I Lay on My Pillow

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Rosetta Spainhard Arvin, 1940

Last night as I lay on my pillow, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last night as I lay on my pillow, I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

Let her go, let her go, god bless her, For she's mine where ever she may be She may ramble this wide world over But she'll never find a Friend like me.

She may travel by boats on the ocean She may travel by ships on the sea She may ramble this wide world over But she'll never find a Friend like me.

I went to church last Sunday, I saw my old true love there I could tell that her mind was changing By the way that she done up her hair.